

ILLUSION

GOD and I in space alone,
And nobody else in view.
And "Where are the people, O Lord," I said,
"The earth below and the sky o'erhead
And the dead whom once I knew?"

"That was a dream," God smiled and said:
"A dream that seemed to be true.
There were no people living or dead,
There was no earth and no sky o'erhead —
There was only Myself and you."

"Why do I feel no fear," I asked,
Meeting YOU here this way?
"For I have sinned, I know full well;
And is there heaven, and is there hell,
And is this the Judgment Day?"

"Nay! those were but dreams," the great God said;
"Dreams that have ceased to be.
There are no such things as fear, or sin;
There is no you — you never have been —
There is nothing at all but me!"

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.





S. PATRICK AND THE PEDANTS

AT the place, close to the Dead Man's Point, at Rosses, where the disused pilot-house looks out to sea through two round windows like eyes, a mud cottage stood in the last century. It also was a watch-house ; for a certain old Michael Bruin, who had been a smuggler in his day, and was still the father and grandfather of smugglers, lived there ; and when, under the shadow of night, a tall schooner crept over the bay from Roughley O'Byrne, it was his business to hang a horn lanthorn in the southern window, that the news might travel to Dorren's Island, and from thence, by another horn lanthorn, to the village of Rosses ; and but for this glimmering of messages, he had little communion with mankind, for he was very old, and had no thought for anything but the making of his soul at the foot of the Spanish crucifix of carved oak that hung by his chimney, or bent double over the rosary of stone beads brought to him in a cargo of silks and laces out of France. One night he had watched hour after hour, because a gentle and favorable wind was blowing, and *La Mère de Miséricorde* was much overdue ; and was about to lie down upon his heap of straw, seeing that the dawn was

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whitening the east, and that the schooner would not dare to round Roughly O'Byrne and lie at anchor by the second Rosses, except under the shadow of night, when he saw a long line of herons flying slowly from Dorren's Island and towards the pools which are half-choked with reeds in the midst of Rosses. He had never before seen herons flying over the sea, for they are shore-keeping birds, and partly because this had startled him out of his drowsiness, and more because the long delay of the schooner kept his cupboard empty, he took down his rusty shotgun, of which the barrel was tied on with a piece of string, and followed them towards the pools.

When he came close enough to hear the sighing of the rushes in the outermost pool, the morning was grey over the world, so that the tall rushes, the still waters, the vague clouds, the thin mist lying among the sand heaps, seemed carved out of an enormous pearl. In a little he came upon the herons, of whom there were a great number, standing with lifted legs in the shallow water, and, crouching down behind a bank of rushes, looked to the priming of his gun, and bent for a moment over his rosary to murmur: "Patron Patrick, let me shoot a heron; made into a pie it will support me for nearly four days, for I no longer eat as in my youth. If you keep me from missing I will say a rosary to you every night until the pie is eaten." Then he lay down, and, resting his gun upon a large stone, turned towards a heron who stood upon a bank of smooth grass over a little stream that flowed into the pool, for he feared to take rheumatism by wading, as he would have to do if he shot one of those who stood in the water. But when he looked along the barrel the heron was gone, and, to his wonder and terror, a man of infinitely great age and infirmity stood in its place. He lowered the gun, and the heron

stood there with bent head and motionless feathers, as though it had slept from the beginning of the world. He raised the gun, and no sooner did he look along the iron than that enemy of all enchantment brought the old man again before him, only to vanish when he lowered the gun for the second time. He laid the gun down, and crossed himself three times, and said a *Pateroster* and an *Ave Maria*, and muttered half aloud: "Some enemy of God and of my patron is standing upon the smooth place and fishing in the blessed water," and then aimed very carefully and slowly and with an exultant heart. He fired, and when the smoke had gone saw an old man huddled upon the grass, and a long line of herons flying with clamor towards the sea. He went round a bend of the pool, and, coming to the little stream, looked down at a figure wrapped in faded clothes of black and green of an ancient pattern, and spotted with blood. He shook his head at the sight of so great a wickedness. Suddenly the clothes moved, and an arm was stretched upward towards the rosary which hung about his neck, and long, wasted fingers almost touched the cross. He started back, crying: "Wizard, I will let no wicked thing touch my blessed beads!" and the sense of a great danger just evaded made him tremble.

"If you listen to me," replied a voice so faint that it was like a sigh, "you will know that I am not a wizard, and you will let me kiss the cross before I die."

"I will listen to you," he answered, "but I will not let you touch my blessed beads;" and, sitting on the grass a little way from the dying man, he reloaded his gun and laid it across his knees and composed himself to listen.

"I know not how many generations ago we, who are now herons, were Ollamhs of King Leaghaire; we neither

hunted, nor went to battle, nor listened to the Druids preaching by their grey stones, and even love, if it came to us at all, was but a transitory fire. The Druids and the poets told us many and many a time of a new Druid Patrick, and most among them were fierce against him, while a few held his doctrine merely the doctrine of the gods set out in new symbols, and were for giving him welcome; but we yawned in the midst of their tale. At last they came crying that he was coming to the foss of the king and fell to their dispute, but we would listen to neither party, for we were busy with a dispute about the merits of the great and little metres; nor were we disturbed when they passed our door with staves of enchantment under their arms, traveling towards the forest to contend against his coming, nor when they returned after nightfall with torn robes and despairing cries, for the click, click of our knives filled us with peace and our dispute filled us with joy; nor even when in the morning crowds passed us to hear the strange Druid preaching the commandments of his God. The crowds passed, and one who had laid down his knife to yawn and stretch himself heard a voice speaking far off, and knew that the Druid Patrick was preaching within the foss of the king, but our hearts were deaf, and we carved and disputed and read, and laughed a thin laughter together. In a little we heard many feet coming towards the house, and presently two tall figures stood in the door, the one in white, the other in a crimson robe, like a great lily and a heavy poppy; and we knew the Druid Patrick and our King Leaghaire. We laid down the slender knives and bowed before the king, but when the black and green robes had ceased to rustle it was not the loud, rough voice of King Leaghaire that spoke to us, but a strange voice in which there was a rapture as of one speaking

from behind a battlement of Druid flame: 'I preached the commandments of the Maker of the world,' it said; 'within the foss of the king and from the centre of the earth to the windows of Heaven there was a great silence, so that the eagle floated with unmoving wings in the white air, and the fish with unmoving fins in the dim water, while the linnets and the wrens and the sparrows stilled their ever-trembling tongues in the heavy boughs, and the clouds were like white marble, and the rivers became their motionless mirrors, and the shrimps in the far-off sea pools were still enduring eternity in patience, although it was hard.' And as he named these things it was like a king numbering his people. 'But your slender knives went click, click upon the oaken staves, and, all else being silent, the sound shook the angels with anger. Oh, little roots, nipped by the winter, who do not wake although the summer pass above you with innumerable feet. Oh, men who have no part in love, who have no part in song, who have no part in wisdom, but dwell with the shadows of memory where the feet of angels cannot touch you as they pass over your heads, where the hair of demons cannot sweep about you as they pass under your feet, lay upon you a curse, and change you to an example for ever and ever; you shall become grey herons and stand pondering in grey pools and flit over the world in that hour when it is most full of sighs, having forgotten the flame of the stars and not yet perceived the flame of the sun, and you shall preach to the other herons until they also are like you, and are an example for ever and ever, and your deaths shall come to you by chance and unforeseen that no fire of certainty may visit your hearts.' "

The voice of the old Ollamh became still, but the vooten bent over his gun with his eyes upon the ground,

trying in vain to understand something of this tale ; and he had so bent for no little while had not a tug at his rosary made him start out of his dream. The old Ollamh had crawled along the grass, and was now trying to draw the cross down low enough for his lips to reach it.

"You must not touch my blessed beads !" he cried, and struck the long, withered fingers with the barrel of his gun. He need not have trembled, for the old man fell back upon the grass with a sigh, and was still for ever. He bent down and began to consider the black and green clothes, for his fear began to pass when he came to understand that he had something the Ollamh wanted and pleaded for, and now that the blessed beads were safe, it was nearly all gone ; and surely, he thought, if that ample cloak, and that little tight-fitting cloak under it, were warm and goodly, St. Patrick would take the enchantment out of them and leave them fit for human use. Unhappily the black and green clothes fell away wherever his fingers touched them, and while this was a new wonder, a slight wind blew over the pool and crumbled the old Ollamh and all his ancient gear into a little heap of dust, and then made the little heap less and less until there was nothing but the smooth green grass.

W. B. YEATS.



A NORTHERN SUBURB

NATURE selects the longest way,
And winds about in tortuous grooves:
A thousand years the oaks decay;
The wrinkled glacier hardly moves.

But here the whetted fangs of change
Daily devour the old demesne,
The busy farm, the quiet grange,
The wayside inn, the village green.

In gaudy yellow brick and red,
With rooting pipes, like creepers rank,
The shoddy terraces o'erspread
Meadow and garth and daisied bank.

With shelves for rooms the houses crowd,
Like draughty cupboards in a row:
Ice-chests, when wintry winds are loud;
Ovens, when summer breezes blow.

Roused by the fee'd policeman's knock,
And sad that day should come again,
Under the stars the workmen flock
In haste to reach the workmen's train:

For here dwell those who must fulfil
Dull tasks in uncongenial spheres,
Who toil through dread of coming ill,
And not with hope of happier years —

The lowly folk who scarcely dare
Conceive themselves perhaps misplaced,
Whose prize for unremitting care
Is only not to be disgraced.

JOHN DAVIDSON.



BY CLAUDE F. BRAGDON

THE PLEASURES OF HISTORIOGRAPHY

I

THE PLEASURES OF THE CHASE

I AM an historiographer; and being desirous and assiduous of accuracy in my statements, I am given to recourse to first sources of authority, to the fountain springs of great events; I am a scientifically historical Gradgrind; I build up my histories inductively from facts by the most approved scientific processes. And I can say with feeling and with emphasis, in the words of Sir Thomas Browne: "Sure, a great deal of conscience goes into the making of a history."

A few days ago the need of exact knowledge upon a certain point in the criminal history of the colonies determined me to seek my information in the most unerring and unimpeachable historical records we have, those of the Criminal Court. Those I sought were of a large city, I might say of Chicago, only she has no colonial records; so I frankly reveal that I wished to search the records of the criminal courts of New Amsterdam.

Now I had read a score of times, and heard a score of times more in the glibly-rounded sentences of elegant historical lectures, patriotic addresses, commemorative "papers" of patriotic-hereditary societies, that to the municipal honor of that very large frog in a puddle, viz.: New York, which grew out of the polly-wog New Amsterdam, all records of colonial times of that city were still preserved, were cherished as sacred script in that fitting cabinet, the venerable Hall of Records in the City Hall Park. Thus introduced, I ventured to its gates.

It is an ancient, dingy building, whose opening portals

thrust you upon a cage-like partition strongly suggestive of a menagerie, and also olfactorily suggestive of the menageries' accompaniment, "an ancient and a fish-like"—nay, more, a bird- and beast-like smell.

A doorway on either side of the cage lead to various desks and rooms, and enclosures and closets, all labelled with well-worn signs; and as I glanced bewildered from placard to placard, from sign to sign, there approached that blessed and gallant metropolitan engine for the succor of feminine ignorance, incapacity and weakness—a policeman. Gladly did I follow in his sturdy wake to the office of the Clerk of Records, who would know all about it. Alas! he was out. A callow, inky youth, his deputy, had never heard of any Dutch records and did n't believe there were any in New York. My policeman had vanished. The youth leaned out of his latticed window, pointed round a corner to an enclosed office: "Go ask *him*, he can tell you." I went and asked him; for a third time I told my tale, already rehearsed to policeman and youth. "I wish to see the colonial records of the criminal courts in New York in the seventeenth century. Part are in Dutch. I hear they have been translated, and that the English translation is here, for the use of the public. If this is not so, I wish to see the original Dutch and English records from the year 1650 to 1700."

It is impossible to overstate the expression of blank surprise and incredulity with which this inquiry was greeted. The official vouchsafed one curt answer: "I never heard of such a thing as a Dutch trial in the criminal courts of New York, and I don't believe there ever was one. If so, *be* will know."

"He" was a haven, for his office was labelled Satisfaction—and he was satisfactory. After a fourth

explanation of my desires, he answered me with the elaborately patient and compassionate politeness usually employed by men in business and public offices to a woman's apparently useless inquiries. He said gently: "Only deeds and transfers are here in the Hall of Records; those records you wish to see are all in the County Clerk's office, over there."

Over there was the court-house of Tweed's inglorious fame. Within the said office four transfers, from book-keeper to messenger, to civil clerk, to County Clerk, found me, after four more dogged repetitions, engaged myself in a dingy wire prison, surrounded by millions of compartments with papers and deeds and flanked by scores of spittoons. Errand boys, messengers, aged porters, young attorneys, came and went, papers were given and received with mechanical rapidity and precision by the monarch of the cage, an elderly Irishman, smooth-shaven, massive-featured, inscrutable, blank of expression, who finally turned to me with civil indifference. But this was not the right place for me to come: those records were at the court-house at Ninth Street, where the criminal courts were held. I patiently prepared to assail the Ninth Street abode of Themis, not without an unworthy suspicion that this Hibernian Sphinx sent me there to get rid of me. But a gentleman-like and eavesdropping bystander proffered his advice: "Those records you want are in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, in the third story of this building." And he thrust me with speed in the ascending elevator. The room pointed out to me as my goal proved to be the Supreme Court, a scene of peaceful dignity, but, alas, there was no such officer anywhere as the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas. Gloomily turning to the Surrogate's office to examine the will of

this Dutch criminal whom I was running to earth, mine eyes encountered this sign : Office of the Court of Common Pleas. Certainly this was the office and the records were here, though the clerk was not. Other clerks there were ; to the most urbane for the tenth time I told my tale, and finally was shown the records. "These are in Dutch," I said; "will you show me the English translation?" "Are they in Dutch?" he answered with some animation. "I never knew that. I have been here twenty years, and no one has ever asked to see them before."

Of course there was no English translation. I can read and translate printed Dutch with ease; but seventeenth century Dutch differs more from modern Dutch than does old French from the French of to-day. Add to this the unique variations in spelling of the Dutch clerks, the curious chirography, the faded ink, and no antiquary will be surprised to learn that an hour had passed ere I had read enough of those records to learn that they were wholly civil cases, boundary disputes, adjustment cases, etc. I wearily rose to leave, when a newly-arrived person of authority said airily: "I can tell you all about those old Criminal Court records. They are all over in the City Hall, in the office of the Superintendent of City Affairs." I trust I showed becoming credulity and gratitude.

I walked out into the beautiful little park, aglow with beds of radiant scarlet and yellow tulips, who remembered and significantly commemorated their Holland ancestors and the old Dutch-American town even if the city's servants knew them not; and I strolled under the trees and breathed with delight the fresh air of heaven; for wherever men congregate in offices, there ventilation is as naught.

I sought the Superintendent's office. To him, ignominiously but cheerfully ensconced in the cellar-like basement, I descended, where glimmered a light so dim, so humid, that I had a sense of being in subaqueous rather than subterranean depths, and I was struck with the civic humor that placed the Superintendent *subter omnia*.

He really knew nothing about these records, but there was a man in the Library who would know. Through subterranean tunnels and cemented passages and up a narrow staircase, I reached the noble above-ground abode of our municipal corporation.

Here all was radiant with prosperity. No lean and hungry race filled those corridors and chambers; jocund and ruddy were all, as were our city fathers of yore who drank vast tuns of sack-posset and ale. Well may we say when on those men and on these we gaze: Nobly wert thou named Manhattan!—*the place where all drank together!*

Mighty is Manhattan and great even the reflection of her power. Neither poverty-stricken nor meagre of flesh am I, but I shrank into humble insignificance before those well-fed aggrandizings of the city's glory and prosperity who bourgeoned through the corridors of our modern Stadt Huys; and I fain would have saluted them with respectful mien and words as of yore as "Most Worshipful, Most Prudent, and Very Discreet, their High Mightinesses,"—not Burgomasters and Schepens, but Aldermen and Councilmen,—but the tame conventionalities of modern life kept me silent.

In the Library the sought-for man sent me to the Clerk of the Common Council, who in turn bade me be seated while he lured from an adjoining "closet," as old Pepys called his office, one who would be glad to tell me all about everything relating to those ancient days.

Here was something tangible. Glad to tell me! In truth he was. Never have I seen such a passion for talking. Forth poured a flood of elaborate Milesian eloquence, in which intricate suggestions, noble patriotic sentiments, ardent historical interest, warm sympathy in my researches, and unbounded satisfaction and glowing pride over New York's honorable preservation of the records of her ancestors all joined. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, when I ran my fat but sly and agile political fox to earth, and made him answer me directly, I simmered down merely this one solid fact: "If ye go to Mr. De Lancy's office in the Vanderbilt Building, he can tell ye where thim ricords is, an' no one ilse in this city can."

I tendered as floriated and declamatory a farewell expression of gratitude as my dull tongue could command to my city authority, who was, I am led to believe from the tablet on the office from which he emerged, a common councilman, but who might have been a score of glorious aldermen distilled and expressed and condensed into one; so rotund, so rubicolored, so shining, so truly grand was he; so elegant, albeit loose, of attire; so glittering with gold and precious stones. As I thanked him in phrases sadly etiolated in comparison with his own glowing pauses, "Madam," said he, "are you satisfied, and may I ask your name and residence?" "You may," said I, "I came to study history, and I was sent to the Satisfaction Clerk, and I found satisfaction, though not in the wonted legal form." "But ye have n't told me yer name," said he. "I have not," said I; "good day."

A DEGENERATE.





PHYLLIS INNE JUNE

JUNE skies are bryte and blue;
Care flies away;
Phyllis to mee is trewe;
June roses, wett wyth dewe,
Are of hr Chekes ye hewe,
And hr dear Lippes are, too,
Sweter than they.

June skies are wett wyth rayne;
Ah, well-a-way!
My harte is sore wyth payne;
Phyllis hath turned agayne;
Holdeth mee inne disdayne,
Till I to wepe am fayne;
A-lack-a-day!

H. H. BENNETT.

"AN' A' FOR WARDLY GAUDS
AN' GEAR!"

TERESA sat down on the bed, by the open window, and thought. She was very tired; life looked grey and long, stretching before and behind her, that night. Yes, she was getting old; she could not stave it off any more by hesitating to look the fact in the face. She was getting old. And Cis was young still, and so pretty.

She jumped up with a jerk, and went and looked long, steadfastly, sadly, at her face in the little mirror. It was a plain, grey face, with pale, lifeless brown hair brushed away from it. It never had been even an attractive face. And Cis was so pretty! Theresa went back to the window again.

The lights of the town shone up at her in the hot, June dusk. She could hear the shouts and songs from Main Street and Martin Street; work had been good the past month, and the miners were not men to count their dollars and cents on the Saturday evening after "pay." All the town seemed out for a wild carousal, and the near brown hills looked on. Dust and coal dirt from the breaker by the creek still settled gently on the bare, treeless, grassless slope before the house, although work had stopped three hours ago. She could hear the throbbing of the engines from the pump-house; a little puff of steam shone every now and then against the black mass of the breaker. The engineer came and stood outside of the pump-house door. Theresa saw the little red spark of his pipe and the sharp lines of his blue-shirted shoulders as he stood in the lighted doorway. He held a newspaper in his hand. Theresa thought of another engineer who used to stand in the pump-house door on

summer nights half a dozen years ago, when Cicely was a little girl. Jim had been very good to her. Sometimes when she had had night work in the mill, Jim had come over and taken Cicely down to his engine-room, and kept her there till the tired sister came home. Sometimes, too, in the early summer mornings, Jim had carried her pail of water for her from the creek. Jim was very strong and kind.

But Jim had left the pump-house and left the valley years ago. Somebody said that he had married and gone west. Theresa sighed and looked out on the lights of the roistering town, while the sound of her eight looms danced in her head to the throb of the pumps. She was very tired.

The bells in the tower of St. John's rang eight. Theresa turned away from the window and sat down again in her old place on the bed. Her feet ached. She drew one foot up onto the bed, and looked at her worn shoe with anxiety. It was almost ready to fall to pieces. Cicely said that Theresa's shoes always were almost ready to fall apart anyway, because she was "so hard on shoes." It certainly did look so. The tired woman put down her head upon the pillow, and carefully unbuttoned the shoe and held it up. It seemed a hopeless case. She must have some new ones to wear to mass in the morning.

She took out her purse and counted over her month's wages; she had been paid that night. Over and over again she did the weary sum. Two dollars to the Mutual Benefit Lodge; twelve dollars to Biddy Macgraw for board and room-rent; six dollars for the doctor who had come to see Cicely when she had the fever; that made twenty. She had twenty-three dollars and eighty-one cents. Three dollars and eighty-one cents left for

shoes—that was a great plenty, Theresa thought. She could get a very good pair of shoes for two and a half; with the rest of the money she might arrange some little surprise for Cis. It seemed almost beyond belief that she should have so much money for which she had no use. Now that she had really assured herself of it, she did not feel so tired after all. She sat up and put on the ragged shoe.

As she stood before the glass putting on her hat—a poor, touching, little conceit it was that made Theresa stand before the glass, even in the dark—she heard a girl's laugh ring down the street. She smiled. It was Cis—dear, bright, blithe, pretty Cis. The laugh called up the girl to her vividly. Tall, slender, a thing of rounded arms and cheeks and work-stained hands, a dear, happy, loving, laughing, motherless child, to whom she, the older, was sister and mother at once. Could n't she get something for Cis now, at once, instead of waiting to plan a treat? Cis was fond of dress; some new blue ribbons would please her. One could get very good-looking shoes for two dollars and a quarter, if one wanted to save every cent.

From the street below came the sound of the girl's voice, nearer now and clear. A man's voice answered her. "Matthew Morris," said Theresa, half aloud, and smiled again. She liked Matthew because he was a good, steady lad, and because he was fond of Cis. She herself knew him but little, yet he was fond of Cis, and must therefore be in the right. Matthew, too, was fond of dress—when it was Cis who wore the ribbons. Surely she must get Cis the new ribbons.

Cis and her escort sauntered slowly down past the house and towards the breaker. Theresa's eyes hung upon every flutter of the girl's light calico, until the hill-

slope shut her off from view. Then she went down the stairs and out into the street. She stopped at the ramshackle gate and looked over at the town lights in the hollow by the river. They beckoned her strangely. She felt a childish eagerness to see the long lighted streets, the shop windows with their stores of treasures, the crowds, the coming and going. She wanted to hear the songs and laughter from the saloons and in the alleyways; the clinking of beer-glasses; the hawker's cries, as he sold knives, razors and liniment; the thousand and one sounds and sights which all her life she had associated with the moneyed leisure of Saturday night. Weary though she was, she was eager to go, and then, too, her new shoes must be bought.

All the long way over the hill to the Ham Creek foot-path, and all the long, dark mile that she followed it, her thoughts were busy, now with Cicely, now with the lights and the crowded streets she was going to see, now with her day's work in the mill. The eight looms still rattled and clattered in her head, though more faintly now. A trolley car bumped past down the long street, and two festive passengers almost drowned the sound of the looms with "Annie Rooney." The globes in a druggist's window, too, sent long shafts of light, purple, crimson and gold, across the muddy pavement. The colors were like wine to Theresa. She hurried on eagerly.

The stores on Martin Street were all open, their most tempting goods displayed in the windows. There was one entire window filled with sky-blue stockings and bandana handkerchiefs. Theresa, wandering by in a dream of weary content, clasped her hands together with a great childish "Oh!" of delight in their brilliancy. Two forlorn little gutter-children crept out of a near hallway, and stared with stupid, sorrowful eyes at the

woman, whom so slight a thing as a windowful of clothes that belonged to other people could make happy.

"Got a jag," commented the little boy, laconically.

"No," said the girl.

"Got a jag," repeated the child in his cruel knowledge of the street and its ways. The two watched her with stolid uninterest as she wandered down the long street, looking at the lighted windows, stopping every moment or two to feast upon some new brightness.

Finally she turned in at the door of one of the larger dry-goods shops. "I want to see yer ribbins — blue ribbins," she said to the nearest salesman.

"Yes 'm; this way," mumbled the young man, sliding lazily down from his seat on the counter. "'Bout how much do you want to give?" he inquired, as he opened a box of narrow, blue satin rolls before her.

"I dunno; I'll see the ribbins first." Theresa spoke with some hauteur; the grasp of her fat little purse was wonderfully reassuring.

"Fifteen cents," said the clerk, throwing out one bolt on the counter. "Nineteen cents, thirty-one, twenty-seven, twenty, forty-nine."

"Them's all silk?" queried Theresa.

"Yes 'm — all silk. They're very nice ribbons. You won't find such good ones no other place in town. We keep 'em on hand. We ——"

"Gimme two yards," broke in Theresa. She felt like a prodigal in this first intoxicating rapture of spending. The husks might come afterwards, but she was in no mood to think of their dry, bitter mockery just then. "That, that's forty-nine," she added recklessly.

"Two yards. Yes 'm," echoed the salesman. And then, with her little package in her hand, Theresa went out of the shop and turned down the street to go to the

shoe-store. She walked more lightly than usual in spite of her long day's work. Her fingers tingled as they grasped that little hard-bought luxury. The lights and the noise gave her a keen strength. She hurried on.

She passed a milliner's. The window was full of hats, large hats and small hats, beribboned and beflowered, a mixture of many colors. Theresa stopped to look at them. They were very beautiful, she thought. There was one in particular, a great yellow leghorn with green ribbons and a tall red rose standing up on the crown, and corn-flowers trailing down over the brim in the back, which Theresa admired. She thought of Cis — poor little Cis, who could n't have so many pretty things as the other girls. She wished Cis might have that hat. The corn-flowers would droop down over her curls in such a jaunty fashion.

Theresa hesitated long, then entered the shop. A sharp-faced woman with black eyes sat behind the counter, darning woolen socks. She looked up.

"Good evenin'. How much do ye ask fur that there hat — the one in the winder, with the flowers an' the rose an' the green ribbins?"

"It's four dollars," snapped the little, dumpy, black-eyed woman, staring sharply at Theresa. Theresa drew a long breath. She thought of her old shoes; she could n't wear them to mass, and to stay away from mass was a sin. But then there was Cis. The vision of the blue flowers falling down against Cis's hair had taken fast hold upon her thoughts.

"Can't ye give it to me fur less?" she demanded.

"How much less?" The little woman pricked up her ears.

"Fourteen cents less," said Theresa, quivering with hope.

"I dunno. Well, seein' it's gettin' along towards summer, p'raps I might's well. Yes, ye kin have it."

The mirror, the hats, the bonnets on their pegs, the great colored fashion plate, the counter and the dumpy little woman, all danced and swung and mixed themselves up in a mist before Theresa's eyes. Cis should have the hat. She was doing a deadly sin. She was perilling her soul. She had no shoes. She could n't go to mass. Her soul would suffer in purgatory, suffer horribly! Cis should have the hat. Pretty Cis!

"Gimme it," she said, and turned her purse inside out upon the counter. The shop-woman counted over the money, then took the gorgeous hat from its peg, wrapped it carefully in soft paper, and laid it on the counter. Theresa took it up tenderly in both hands, as some men lift young children; it was so very beautiful! The red rose against the darker ribbon loops was half visible through the paper, as she stood under the full glow of the lamp that hung by the door.

Theresa hurried home with her purchase. The long, lighted street with its shop-windows and crowds of loafers was to her now no more than a way of getting home to Cis with her purchase. Cis would be so glad! Cis could go to the ten o'clock mass in the morning, now that she had her new hat; she had been going at eight every Sunday since Easter now, because her old black sailor was not fine enough to wear among the fashionable crowd at the later service. She, Theresa, could not go to mass at all, because she had no shoes, and it was a dreadful sin; but Cis should go with the best and prettiest of the town. Theresa almost ran up the long hill, as far as the engine-house. When she reached Biddy Macgraw's, and turned in at the little gate, she had scarcely breath enough to speak.

Cis and Matthew were sitting on the doorstep. Theresa came up to them panting. She wished that the tomato vines that grew along the fence might not send out such a rank odor in the hot night, the smell sickened her. Matthew was smoking his pipe, too. She choked.

"Cis, dear — I've brought ye — a new hat," she said, a little indistinctly. She laid the bundle on Cicely's lap.

"Why, Theresa!" cried Cis in her full, eager, girlish voice. "It's awful good of you! It's just awful good of you! But how could ye?"

"Oh, I had some money left o' me pay," Theresa answered, trying desperately to speak as if it were a matter of course that she should have extra money to spend for yellow leghorn hats. "An' here's a blue ribbin for ye; I most forgot it."

Theresa went upstairs; she would let Matthew and Cis have their talk out in peace. Besides, she was very tired, now that everything was done, and she longed to rest. She wished that Cis had opened the package at once; she wanted to watch her face — to know by sight and hearing alike that the little sister was pleased. She wanted to see how the blue corn-flowers, that dropped down so carelessly from the knot of ribbon at one side, would lie over the pretty chestnut curls. Still Cis would not like to unwrap the hat while Matthew was sitting there on the doorstep. Theresa understood that. She undressed, and threw herself down on the bed. She could keep awake, she thought, till Cis came upstairs, and then Cis could try on the hat. Weariness, however, had its way. She fell asleep almost at once. When Cis did come, she roused a little to say something about "the ten o'clock, not the eight o'clock" mass.

Cis laid the gorgeous new hat on a chair, and put out the light before she answered. Her voice sounded as if she had been crying, but Theresa was too thoroughly bound in sleep to notice it. She only murmured something about the mass, that it saved one's soul, and settled herself to sleep again.

In the morning Cis had a headache. She did not go to mass at all, but lay in bed until late in the afternoon. Theresa placed the new hat on the foot of her bed, and Cis rarely took her eyes from it. Theresa was perfectly happy as she tramped up and down stairs in her old boots, bringing a cup of tea or a dipper of spring water to the sufferer in the stuffy little upper room. Cis was pleased with the hat, and the blue ribbons she pronounced to be "just what she'd been wantin' all summer." Toward evening the air grew more and more sultry, and a thunder shower piled itself up along the western mountains. Cis grew restless. Before the rain began she rose and dressed herself, and went down to sit on the doorstep. This time Matthew was not with her.

When the shower had spent itself, the evening was cool. The little upper room that the sisters shared was once more endurable, and thither Theresa went. She took her crucifix and stood it against the frame of the open window. Then she knelt before it, facing the window, so that she could look out on the few first pale stars as she told her beads. The long, squalid street was very still. A faintly luminous haze of mist hovered along the river and over the town on its banks, and through it the lights twinkled uncertainly. A pale glow lay along the irregular purple line of the western mountains. Theresa prayed.

A man came up the street, and walked past the gate without turning his head towards the Macgraw house. It

was Matthew Morris. Theresa stopped in an Ave to wonder what was the matter.

"Matt!" called Cis's voice from somewhere under the window. The man stopped.

"Is it me ye're callin'?" he asked. Cis ran down the path to the gate.

"Oh, Matt, Matt!" she said, "ye mustn't be blamin' me for not comin' this mornin'. Sure I know I telled ye I would, and sure I thought I would; but then I couldn't because o' T'resa. I jes' couldn't. Don't ye be mad at me, Matt! Don't ye!"

"Ye said ye'd come," Matthew said gruffly. He came back a step towards the gate.

"I know it; I did that," Cis pleaded. "And I'd come if I could. But I couldn't go an' wear that — hat; and I couldn't go 'thout it, 'cause T'resa would feel so bad. T'resa spent away every cent she had on it, and that's truth."

"Why couldn't ye?" required Matthew, moving still nearer. Theresa from her window heard every word.

"Oh, Matt, ye dunno!" Cis was almost crying. "It's the hideousest thing you ever seen! It's just awful! Everybody 'd laugh to kill themselves if I sh'd wear that lookin' thing to ten o'clock mass. It's awful homely — all over yellow, with green-ribbins an' a red rose, an' blue things hangin' down the back. It's a sight! T'resa doesn't know; she thinks it's han'some. So long's a thing's got red 'n yellow 'n blue in it, T'resa thinks it's lovely! I don't know what I'll ever do 'bout it. I shan't wear it nowhere, that's one sure thing."

"What'd T'resa say?" asked Matthew. He was secretly a little afraid of the elder sister.

"I ain't told her," answered Cis. "I did n't darst."

She went and spent every cent she had left o' her month's pay, and there's a lot o' things she'd oughter got for her ownself. But you ain't mad at me—are you, Matt?—for not coming to mass, when I said I would? I played sick abed. I had ter."

"Mad? No, I ain't mad a bit," Matthew answered. "Only I thought ye was foolin' me. Come on, an' walk down to the turn in the road wi' me; don't ye want?"

"Well," Cis agreed, opening the gate.

And then the two walked down the hill, talking and laughing together. Theresa knelt in the dark before her crucifix.

HELEN MADDER BROWNE.



ILLUSTRATIONS TO ÆSOP'S FABLES.



THE FOX AND THE BRAMBLES

A Fox, being closely pursued, took to a hedge, the bushes gave way, and in catching hold of a bramble to break his fall, he laid himself down and fell to licking his paws, making great complaint against the bramble. Good words, Reynard, said the Bramble, you should never expect any kindness from an enemy.



ILLUSTRATIONS TO ÆSOP'S FABLES.

THE WASP AND THE PART-
RIDGES

A flight of wasps and a covey of partridges, being hard put to it for water, went to a farmer to beg some. The partridges offered to dig his vineyard for it, and the wasps to secure it from thieves. Pray hold your peace, says the farmer, I have oxen and dogs to perform those offices already, and I am resolved to provide for them first.

FROM AN OLD CHAP-BOOK.



SMOKE-WREATHS

THESE fading smoke-wreaths hold them all —
The dawns and dreams gone by,
The lights and shadows on the wall,
The gleams of open sky,

And all the vague, elusive things
That haunt the halls of life
With sense of vast o'ershadowing wings
And rumourings of strife.

How this small bowl of ruddy fire
Can people all the room
With strangers from the realm Desire
Beyond the gulfs of Doom,

Till all about me in the dusk
The silence is astir
With gleam of steel and breath of musk
And frankincense and myrrh,

While dream, adown the shifting breath
Of myth and love and war,
Lures from the hollow vault of death
Wild hearts that beat no more ; —

And Roland's bugle through the night
Sends forth its far, weird fall
Where weltering and dense the fight
Goes over Roncesvalles ;

Joan of Arc, and Heloise,
Swan Helen, fatal star,
And Dante's deep-eyed Beatrice
Go through the dusk afar ;

King Arthur of the weary quest,
Excalibur in hand,
Flashes, where'er is sorest pressed
His lion-hearted band ;

The joy of battle, fierce and strong,
Drifts through the deathly bars
While clash and swing of sword and song
Clang up among the stars,

And strange wild Sagas of the north
Pulse fire through all my veins
As where across the sky go forth
The Weird Lights' shaken skeins ;

Then slowly, as my pipe burns low,
Enchantments pale and fade,
Till in the ash of long ago
The last dear ghost is laid.

WILLIAM CARMAN ROBERTS.





NOTES

OVER a year ago a new comedy by Mr. G. Bernard Shaw was given for copyright purposes in some obscure southeastern quarter of London. It was shortly to be produced in the West End, we were told, and by Mr. Mansfield in New York. Since then nothing has been heard of it. Is it possible that when we have seen "Arms and the Man" and know that one man living can write sane satirical comedy, we are going to allow ourselves to be defrauded of this new play?

¶ There has been question in some quarters of Mme. Bernhardt's good taste in putting Bouddha upon the stage in the figure of the hero in *Izeyl*.

There are many people who object to the play of the New Testament story at Oberammergau. With what horror would they hear of the performances said to be taking place for the diversion of the native populace of Cairo! A comic opera troupe is singing there in a series of "sacred operettas" from subjects in the Old Testament. "David and Goliath," "Solomon," "Judith," are all popular, but an especial favorite is one in which Moses sings a duet with God!

¶ When lions are scarce it becomes necessary to work in some suitable understudies and lion-hunters are occasionally hard pressed for proof of the genus of their captives. Witness a story of John Drew's. In London, once, a lady, renowned for her devotion to the noble sport, introduced Mr. Drew to a gentleman named Montefiore. She set off Mr. Drew's abilities and triumphs to a marvellous extent; extolled his acting and his family's acting and so forth, and was lavish in her attributions of cleverness. After she had said all she knew about Mr. Drew, and a little more, she felt called upon to say some nice thing of Mr. Montefiore. She hesitated a moment and then turning to Mr. Drew in a very self-satisfied manner, remarked: "You may remember that his favorite uncle was so frightfully mangled on the underground last year."

¶ It is a pleasure as well as a duty to chronicle the advance of women. First, the record of distinct achievements, conquests in the enemies' territory. In the *society column* of a Chicago paper I see that Mr. and Mrs. Louise C. Hughes are to be in Bar Harbor this summer. Where then will Mr. and Mrs. Sadie Marie Phillips be? What are Mr. Frances F. Cleveland's plans for duck shooting, and what of Mr. Alva Vanderbilt *né* Willie?

This is curious, but, after all, only a question of visiting cards.

More important is the tender solicitude for the care of husbands, which is coming to be a salient point in the "New Womanity." Women are coming to feel that something must be done to preserve for their husbands the purity of the home life, to keep for them that manly, unsullied innocence of mind which is so appealing to even the most depraved and vicious of women. I note in a London daily paper a rousing womanly letter of protest against a play called *Biarritz*, now running at the Prince of Wales' Theater. The writer admits that the performance is amusing, but she says, "It is not a play which is fit for our husbands to see."

In Buda-Pesth also, strenuous measures are being taken to protect the men in spite of themselves. Take it for example that a woman, in order to support her husband and children, is forced into an occupation which, while honorable and harmless to a strong, womanly woman, might have a contaminating and degrading effect on her husband were he brought in contact with it and its surroundings. Viewed in this light one cannot fail to see the justice of an imperial edict forbidding husbands or prima-donnas to go behind the scenes at the Royal Opera House, this right being reserved exclusively to subscribers to the boxes and stalls. These, I trust, are all women, else the edict might seem a discrimination in favor of a fast and aristocratic set of men by putting prima-donnal husbands out of the way.

¶ Mr. Edgar Fawcett apparently confounds recklessness with courage, and blundering, stupid crudeness with vigor and strength. Wishing to make a terrible indictment of the slums, he has put together a number of

unpleasant ideas with the same joy that a boy finds in scrawling lewd legends and pictures on a wall. Mr. Fawcett calls his composition *An Idyl of the Slums*. Just wherein it is idyllic I seek in vain to see, and the verse-form in which it is set, instead of making up for the unpoetic wording, only confirms an impression of the inappropriateness of the manner. I copy from the *Conservator*, which belies its name in printing such disgusting, weak stuff:

Daughter

How the stench reeks from that piled garbage there,
Out in the courtyard at the alley's end!
I can't sleep—Mother, are you still dead-drunk?

Mother

No. What's o'clock, Jess?

Daughter

Clock? We've got no clock.
You pawned it yesterday to buy more drink.

Mother

Yes, I remember.

Daughter

Mother, you believe
There's a God somewhere, don't you?

Mother

Go to sleep.

Daughter

I can't. I keep so wishing I was well,
Not stung with this dry cough that splits my throat,
Not lame of an ankle, not so cursed with scabs
On hips, breasts, eyelids. I'm half blind, sometimes,
The rank sores weigh and drag so. Mother, hark:
Is there a God? A God that cares, I mean.

PORTRAITS OF CONTEMPORARIES



GRANT ALLEN

¶ Looking over some old numbers of *The Argonaut* a few days past, I came upon a story of Central American life by Edwin Lefèvre. Mr. Lefèvre himself was born and bred in those countries, and he vouches for the authenticity of the following extraordinary decree, which I reprint in full:

The principal alcalde of the Town and Department of Santiago de Papasquero:

WHEREAS: *The Supreme Creator has not behaved well in this province, as in the past two years only one shower of rain has fallen, and this winter it has not rained at all, and consequently the crops of Santiago de Papasquero, on which depends the prosperity of the whole department, are entirely ruined, and wherefore also the admirably directed mines of San Andres are on the point of closing down.*

THE ALCALDE DECREES:

Article I.

If within the peremptory period of eight days rain does not fall abundantly, no one shall go to mass or say prayers;

Article II.

If the drouth continues eight days more, the churches and chapels shall be burned, and all rosaries, missals and other objects of devotion shall be destroyed;

Article III.

If, finally, in a third period of eight days it does not rain, all the priests, friars, nuns and saints, male and female, shall be beheaded. And for the meantime permission is given for the commission of all sorts of sins, in order that the Supreme Creator may understand with whom he has to deal.

[Signed]

Sebastian Villareal.

¶ Monsieur Colonne at his Good Friday concert succeeded in a rare undertaking, that of shocking a Parisian audience. He arranged that during the intermission there should be a talk on the Apocrypha of the New Testament, and chose for speaker Monsieur Catulle Mendès. Now Monsieur Mendès and Armand Silvestre share the distinction of being France's first purveyors of erotic literature, and the contrast between subject and speaker was justly too great for the patience of an intelligent, art-loving audience. There was a wild uproar, mingled hisses and applause until Mendès was forced to abandon his project. It is so common to think of Paris as lacking in all sense of moral fitness that such an incident is a brisk and salutary reminder to the contrary.

¶ In the *Revue de Paris* is running a novel entitled *Cow-Boy* and written by Auzias Tarenne. The child-like naïveté with which the French took Buffalo Bill and his *scenes de la vie du Far-West* has resulted in this story, the most deliciously comic morsel that I have found for months. The opening is as follows :

"Hello, boys ! *voilà un Français, un damné Français des vieux pays qui nous offre un eye-opener ! Hourra pour la belle France !*

"Twenty-sixth, *le colosse Canadien qui venait d'apostropher ainsi ses frères les cow-boys du T. O. T. ranch, fit exécuter une série de bonds extraordinaires à son fidèle Bucking-Jimmy.*"

Do you recognize the style of *Beadle's Dime Library*? *Le damné Français* is made to dance for *les boys du T. O. T.* at the point of a pistol after which they adjourn *au bar de Joe le Temperate* and drink cocktails. The hero announces his intention of becoming *un boy* and is forthwith started on the usual career of adventure.

He does very well and although *il est toujours considéré un peu trop dude*, he is soon able to say, "*je ne suis plus tenderfoot*." There is a sublime scene at a concert hall in Deadwood, where he defends an insulted French singer and engages in such a fight as even Deadwood had never seen.

There is in the story, of course, an English *Milord*, who owns the T. O. T. and who constantly ejaculates "Fancy, such a country." The humor of this remark is like that of the bands of revellers who parade the Paris boulevards at carnival-time crying in unison: "Oh, yes; Oh, yes, shocking; Oh, yes," to the screaming delight of the populace.

A delicious scene in *Cow-boy* is at the breakfast table of a Deadwood hotel.

Laura s'approche, nerveuse, et demande, au Milord.

"Steakbeefsteakrumpsteak and corn boiled — roasted-potatoesteaurcoffee?"

The local color is obviously correct and each page is peppered with colloquial expressions explained in foot notes. Bucking Jimmy becomes *Jacquot Saut de Mouton*, and Johnny Get Your Gun, *Jeannot prends ton fusil*. Two installments of this rigamarole have appeared in the most distinguished *Revue de Paris* and the end is not yet. The English of M. Auzias Tarenne is apparently as amusing to Parisians as was the French of Mr. Du Maurier to most Americans.

A NEW CHAPTER IN LITERARY HISTORY ESPECIALLY DEDICATED TO THE CURIOUS

THE career of the Sar Joséphin Peladan offers to the recorder of the literary curiosities of these decadent days as amusing a task as he could well desire and a humorously inclined gentleman could make of it a magnificent chapter.

It is perhaps unfair to begin in this way a note on a man whose gifts are considerable and whose achievements are distinguished and lasting, but the foolish setting he has continually given to his actions and works is what first forces itself on one's conviction. Beneath the coating there is doubtless real stuff, but it is difficult to straighten one's face long enough to examine it seriously.

The Sar Peladan has of recent years been to the trivial journalist of Paris what George Francis Train has been to the paragraphers of America. He has been saddled with every absurdity conceivable and any heroless story of senseless inanity which went the rounds was sure to be finally labelled with his name. A writer, visiting him one day, says: "I found him protected by the blade of an unsheathed sword whose mission it was to *disperse the fluids*. He greeted me with a prayer that 'the Elohim might have the grace to bless me.' He was gowned in a long red robe and his whole manner was ceremoniously decorative."

The appearance of the man need signify little, however, except in so far as it symbolizes his views and opinions. His work alone counts and from it will come the final judgment, whether the impression be of charlatanism and foolishness or of real merit. His writings



DRAWN BY CECIL CLARK

are as varied as they are extreme and unusual—and they are almost innumerable. He began his literary career in 1881 when he published a study of Rembrandt. His whole labor at that time was in art reviews, and with the salon of 1882, he wrote the first of a series of criticisms—careful analyses of the exhibitions and shrewd sensible judgments of their qualities. In these early days his opinions were along orthodox lines and although he created no great stir, he was coming to be looked upon as a clever writer on art subjects.

In 1884 he appeared as the author of "*Le Vice Suprême*," his first novel, published under the patronage of Barbey d'Aurevilly. The book made a distinct impression and was widely commented upon; its author was for the moment much thought of. In his own words, *Le Vice Suprême* is "the moral and mental diathesis of the Latin decadence: *Mérodack* represents the summit of conscious will power, the type of absolute entity; *Alta*, prototype of the monk in contact with the world; *Courtenay*, insufficient man-destiny, immured by already existing social conditions; *L. D'Este*, extreme pride, the *grand style dans le mal*; *Coryse*, the true young girl; *La Nine*, hermaphrodite, better or worse, gynander; *Dominicaux*, consciously perverse, character of irremediability resulting from a wrong æsthetic theory for each vice, which destroys the knowledge and therefore the conversion." The Sar has been at pains to scatter broadcast similar summaries of all of his books; it is doubtful whether they increase the sales; the very wording of them; the heavy philosophical scheme running through the whole series is truly appalling. *Le Vice Suprême* was the beginning; in the following year he published *Curieuse*. Aside from its mysticism and intermittent obscurity, it is an ordinary novel of the



LE SAR PELADAN

streets and prostitutes of Paris, remarkable in no way ; and it did much to counteract the good impression caused by its predecessor.

After that, Peladan issued year by year a dozen other volumes on *la décadence latine*, each more mystic, more extreme and more absurd than before. They are truly impossible books ; read off-hand and merely as stories they would not be uninteresting, but the constantly recurring mysticism, the introduction of unheard-of words ; the *androgynous* and *gynandrous* characters all combining to force the author's scheme upon one, do much to prevent any real interest. The series represents the worst of the decadent literature : its scenes are drawn from the lowest side of Paris and its pictures are revolting in the extreme. That the work is done with considerable power no one will deny, but it is equally certain that the Sar has made nothing but notoriously bad use of his talents.

Aside from his novels, he has obtained some reputation for his shortcomings as a dramatist. He is the author of the *Prince of Byzance*, "Drame Wagnerien en 5 actes, Refusé à l'Odéon et à la Comédie-Française," The *Son of the Stars*, "Pastorale Kaldéenne en 3 actes, Refusée le 3 mars, 1892, à la Comédie-Française," and others. Not content with slurring the Odéon and the Comédie-Française by stating that they refused his plays, the Sar goes a step farther and reprints in all of his books the letters from the managers of these theaters explaining why the plays were not accepted. "The situations in *The Prince of Byzance*" are frightfully immoral, the play is much too long, the language and sentiments are beyond the comprehension of the public ; the work is full of mysticism, neo-platonism, of abstractions and so forth, very pretty things, but appalling to the mass of spec-

tators. For these reasons," wrote M. Porel, "the Prince of Byzance could not be accepted by the Odéon."

For the "Son of the Stars" the letter was much the same, and, like the others, it is constantly reprinted in the front or back of the Sar's various books. It is doubtless intended as a damnation of the theater managers, but these gentlemen justify their refusal of the plays so well that the things react strongly against M. Peladan, and in the end one must believe that, after all, his plays are pretty bad.

Among his other plays are several which he has immortally distinguished as "Wagneries" — the word is funny enough in French.

Yet M. Peladan's eulogies of Wagner are forceful and undoubtedly sincere. The dedication to *La Queste du Graal* reads:

AV GRAND POÈTE
TRAGIQUE
A RICHARD WAGNER
SON SEUL ÉLÈVE
SAR JOSÉPHIN PELADAN
DÉDIE
CES EVMOLPÉES
COMME
AV PLUS SVBLIME
DEPVIS SHAKESPEARE
ET CONSACRE
LES OEUVRES DRAMATIQUES
SOVS L'INVOCATION
DE
BAYREVTH

In 1890, the Sar dedicated his *Cœur en Peine* to the memory of his father, Chevalier Adrien Peladan:

"Mon Père, qui maintenant êtes aux cieux, de

Malchut, aidez-moi à tenter le victorieux effort en Yesod, à réaliser Hod en l'Amour pur; que Netsah m'élève grace aux prestiges conquis en Tipheret; sauf devant Gébura, accueilli par Chesed et lavé de toute indignité, que mon culte de Binah et le baiser d'Hochmah m'élèvent jusqu'à Kether, où vous êtes, le front lauré de pensées sublimes, sous le regard de Dieu."

His *Curieuse* was dedicated to his brother, Doctor Adrien Peladan, fils:

"Poisoned, the 29th of September, 1885, by the Chemist Wilmar Schwabe, of Leipzig, who had sent him—instead of a third decimal required—a first of strychnine, that is to say, the death of 1,250 persons."

The Sar's other works consist of three volumes issued under the head of the "Amphitheatre of Dead Sciences;" and several small books on the constitution and doctrines of the Rose † Croix. It is from his connection with the latter institution that most of his notoriety has come. He is the Grand Master of the Laical Order of the Rose † Croix of the Temple and of the Grail, "a brotherhood of intellectual charity, consecrated to the accomplishment of works of mercy according to the Holy Ghost of which it seeks to augment the glory and to prepare the reign." The creed of the order is very interesting and its seven intellectual objects are as follows:

I. To give a method and a synthesis to the spirits of two decades which seek a counter-poison for the academic style of instruction.

II. To apply to elegant life, incapable of virtues, the æsthetic norm.

III. To open to women the fairy way in compensation for the amorous activity which is stopped.

IV. To bring the pleasures and even *la mode* under the rule of Beauty.

V. To make each one share in the science of all by creating a corps of specialists in constant relation with him.

VI. To bring into the sacred order all of those things which religion rejects as profane.

VII. To æstheticise all of those things which the world abandons to the risk of temperaments and of manners and customs.

These seven intellectual objects manifest themselves along three lines of activity :

The Rose † Croix is the brotherhood of work-
ingmen.

The Temple—the assembly of the Voluntaries.

The Grail—the college of the Believing.

The first orthodoxy is Beauty.

The second orthodoxy is Charity

The third orthodoxy is Subtlety

These are differences rather than degrees ; there is communion between the series, and not subordination.

It is only within the past few years that the secrets of the Rose † Croix have been made public. These extracts from the constitution give as clear an idea of the aims and character of the order as one can easily get. The requirements for admission to the brotherhood are not difficult. "Artists," says the Sar, "Believe in the Parthenon and Saint Ouen, in Leonardo and the winged Victory of Samothrace, in Beethoven and Parsifal, and you will be admitted to the Rose † Croix."

The order in its present form is entirely the creation of Sar Peladan : it represents him and his work. The movement in essence is much the same as that started by the Rossettis, Holman Hunt and the pre-Raphælite Brotherhood in England, although the development and the decorations are different. Had Rossetti been brought

up in the extreme Catholicism of the older Peladans, his enthusiasm would doubtless have carried the pre-Raphælités in the same direction as the Rosicrucians. The work of the Sar has had important results already: at a time when the whole tendency of art was realistic, he and his band of followers preserved something of the poetry and charm of older work: their own salon offered much that was exceptionally good, and among their number they counted many men who would have honored the other and greater exhibitions.

It is hard, however, to overlook the sentimental trash with which they have framed their work; it is difficult to get beyond the impression if not of charlatanism, at least of consummate absurdity and it will be long before the productions of the Sar can claim our attention as serious efforts. In the meantime we are tempted to add an amen to one of the Sar's prayers:

"We, by the divine mercy and the assent of our brothers, Grand Master of the Rose † Croix, of the Temple, and of the Grail;

In Roman Catholic communion with Joseph of Arimathea, Hugues des Paiëns and Dante;

To all those of the century — that it may be memorable for ever;

Prostrate before the Holy Ghost and imploring its light — we supplicate humanity and history to pardon our indignity."